

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist:

Sir:—A query has presented itself to my mind. What are Spiritualists about? Are they as a body amenable to the reproaches thrown at them by the Tribune some few weeks back? Are they mere sectarians as they are accused of being, split into denominations, Jackson Davisites, Christian Spiritualists, materialists, harmonic philosophers, wonder seekers, or do they stand on the broad and universal platform of truth, and are one and entire? That many of the Spiritualists are mere wonder seekers is certain, or we should not hear of the crowd of desirous who would force themselves if possible into the so termed *Miracle Circle*. If it were not so, we should not see the flockings of the crowds to hear a fluent medium speak with shut eyes. Surely this is a thing which can be witnessed at any home circle. This perhaps is not so much to be condemned, as wonders often lead the mind to contemplate, and eventually receive the holy truths presented by Spiritualism. But when a prominent and recognized member of the Spiritual body stands up, after the delivery of one of those lectures, and says that such verbiage and sentiments could not have proceeded from a merely mortal effort, and that it is inspiration, what then shall Spiritualists think? How shall the outside world sneer, when on witnessing the effort, it is found to pale before the glowing eloquence of many of the pulpit divines of this city, and is wholly wanting in the condensed and consecutive arrangement of ideas which is to be found even in the Tribune tirades. And when these utterances are made in the presence of the persons delivering the discourse, how are we to consider it possible for them to preserve that humble estimation of themselves so necessary for the reception of the Spiritual influx. If mediums were Gods, we could understand the equilibrium might be preserved, but when they are but mortal, how shall they be free from the degenerating power of such eulogiums?

As I look at the matter, although I believe Spiritualism, in its pure sense, is the announcement to man through his Spiritual affinity of the very truth of God, yet do I see that perseverance in such a course as adopted, will dim the grandeur of the light, and crush it beneath the load of human wantings.

In a Spiritual organ of this city, what do we find? continual pulps of the conductors of that organ and of their protégés, a carping, even after the fashion of the world's journals for notoriety.—Is this a consistent course to be pursued by an organ, the profession of whose promoters was freedom, and the dissemination of Spiritual truth? Is there freedom? Is there a free admission of the opinions of Spiritualists; whether or not they are open to the charge made against them of refusing articles unless they coincide with their particular view of the subject, I am unable to say. But this I do know, that an article was sent them, well written, if I am a judge of composition, which amongst other interesting comments contained some strictures upon the works of their great Spiritual luminary Andrew Jackson Davis, and it was not inserted. I would not desire to be considered as condemning Mr. Davis in *toto*, for I believe he had done much in inducing an inquiry into the claim of Spiritualism, and though I must in common with the body of Spiritualists commend his zeal, yet I must utterly condemn many of his propoundings, and do believe that his writings have served greatly to rivet the brand cast by the outside world upon Spiritualism, viz: the charge of Materialism. If Materialism is Spiritualism, then do I say from this time I wish my hands of it, for if God is a Spiritual atom, what can there possibly be for worship? as well might man bow himself before the image of Baal. If thus God is truly pourtrayed, what is the coveted immortality? How is the intuition of man to be satisfied? Matter we are, are we then to matter to return?—Where would be then in such case the sin in worshipping beauty when pourtrayed in the symmetrical lines of the speaking stone, bowing ourselves before the sublime inspirations of genius? But when we know that man as well as a material, has a Spiritual nature, and which are completely distinct in substance and aspirations, can we do so. Is not this higher nature to be satisfied?

Spiritualism means the precepts of Christ, the practice of the early Christians, or it means nothing. The immortality promised is an embodiment in a Spiritual essence through eternity, or it is nothing, with the presentment of a personal God, and the radiation of the soul receives from the person of God constitutes its being of love and truth.

We condemn the Christian world because they deride the Spiritual claim, forming their opinions from the works with which the Spiritual press tempts; and if those works be the guide, has not the world taken a right action? Should not the doctrines there propounded be condemned alike by Christian world, by Spiritualists, and by every reflecting mind? If Spiritualism is Materialism, what does God is only an undefined something, to what does

our cry of progression amount to? Are we not retrograding? Are we plunging into the darkness of the middle ages? Had Spiritualism been fairly presented to the world, should we then have heard of the many sarcasms which so wound the feelings of its true votaries. Because of the ignorant cry of a traditional faith, is the Bible to be condemned? Should not the Spiritual body have rather showed their inspirations by pouring the glory of its influx upon its pages, explaining the dark and mystical passages, than by being led by the absurdity of an enthusiastic search for new views to condemn that which contains the most important revelations ever made to man. When man ignores the Bible, he ignores the truth. Have the Spiritualists no discriminating powers, can they not discover between the commentations of men and the Divine influx? If they cannot, then would I ask, to what do their Spiritual pretensions lead? What is the use of the powers they say they possess? The church say evil Spirits are their inspirers, and the course many have adopted, it must be admitted, appears to lead to this conclusion. Are we to take the inane purities we so often see in print as the inspirings of God, and for them forsake the Bible? In one breath, we are told that this world is the reflex of the spheres, and that the same conditions observable in this life are found in the heavenly region; and yet they talk of beauty, symmetry, glory and perfection; the darker phases always obscured; as all Spirits say they are happy. Is happiness then a positive state? It seems to me, that all states are comparative; unless there were phases of condition, how could there be contrast? Is there then no punishment for the abuse of the intellectual and sensuous perceptions; if Spirits were truthful, all states would be truly portrayed. Is it that they would ensnare man by painting the future life as all honey and flowers?—If the other life and this have an exact similitude, can it be denied that then evil is present there as well as here? We know evil men abound in this world. Do then these men by passing the grave, rub off all the angularities of their nature, and with one bound, become fitting inheritors of the glory of God? Are all their evil sentiments stifled, are all their perverstions of God changed to good? If this is so, then what is free will? It exists in this state; is it absent in the next? If absent, then where is the exactness of the similarity? If there be evil men existing in this world, does it not seem to follow as a natural consequence, that evil Spirits exists in the world to come? Have not the Spirits said that to afford physical manifestations that they require the aid of unprogressed Spirits, Spirits actuated by material presentments rather than by their Spiritual affinities? Is not this a confounding of truth, a mystical jargon, an utter absurdity? Is it the desire of Spiritualists to gather proselytes, or propound to the world the glory of truth? But then they say, men must not be frightened, for many flee from the material sulphur, and smoke, and take refuge with us. To this I would answer, that men who are only impelled by their fears, have no influx of truth, have no irradiations of the divine nature,—for God is love. Man must exert the power of his reason, or be engulphed in gloom in the other state. I do not say there are devils and hell in the popular acceptance of the word, but I do say, that those who neglect the opportunities offered to them here, will in their next stage of being, find themselves in a state, immeasurably, beneath that state we conceive to be happiness.—And reason must tell us that in all states less than happy, there must be pain; it may be torment and agony.

If Spiritualists in Spiritualism only seek for wonders, shall they not be condemned? Do they not by such a course merit the scorn and reproach which by such doings they so richly earn? They say they are free, and the next moment appear as idol worshippers. Is this an unjust accusation? Is not the continuous cry at the Conferences, give us facts? If a presentation of new phases then most desirable, but the humdrum every day thing to be found in every circle, can that be interesting,—is it advancement? What man cares to hear that this man's grand mother or that one's baby came and manifested itself? Grand mothers and babies manifest themselves every hour.—Pleasant such things to satisfy the sympathies and sensibilities of the particular individuals, but where in all this, I again ask, is the boasted progress?—An old Spiritualist, and one who has made sacrifice for the cause lately, told me, two years ago "I was in the habit of constantly attending the Conference meetings, but left them disgusted with the continuous repetitions of the same things." "A few evenings back, I stepped into one, and found the same old shtzene," he then said, "this is not progress!" And yet, this must continue so long as men seek individual notoriety; so long as men profess Spiritualism as a means to an end. And now a new phase has sprung up. A few evenings back, a subscription was got up for a periodical, to enable Mr. Conklin to give free circles; a laudable project, and one meriting the support of all true Spiritualists, and which was so far successful. The following evening, it was attempted to get up a demonstration in favor of Miss Jay, to give her a benefit, and the attendants at the Conference were solicited to take tickets to sell to their friends. So far as the meeting was concerned, the effort failed.—The gentleman at the head of the movement did not discriminate between that which was for the general advantage and the exaltation of an individual. It does not appear that this is the legitimate object of Conferences, Spiritualists might willingly go themselves and hear Miss Jay, but when it comes to the question of forcing their friends to go, or returning the tickets, or paying for them them-

selves, it is a different affair. One gentleman, a Spiritualist, on being asked, said all his friends were infidels. Spiritualists had the same opportunities as he to obtain tickets, so also he could tell his friends. But he could do this without forcing a card into a friend's hand and demanding twenty-five cents, which out of kindness to him would not perhaps be refused. If these are the modes to be adopted in the presentation of Spiritualism, then I must say, that if it cannot get on without the adoption of such means, it cannot stand them, for such a course does appear very like a tax.

In conclusion I would say, I hope the time is not far distant when Spiritualists will merge the man, in the Spirit, and look at Spiritualism not as a means of worldly advancement, not for the deification of an individual, but as the means of disseminating a glorious truth.

Mr. Editor, I have said my say, because I think that my say should be said, and I did not well see how you could have made the same comments by reason of your position, and subscribe myself in all charity and love

A SPIRITUALIST.

MISS JAY AT HOPE CHAPEL.
[Photographically reported.]

On Wednesday evening of last week a complimentary benefit was given to Miss Emma Frances Jay, a speaking medium, at Hope Chapel. This was given as a testimony of the good feelings of Spiritualists who have heard her lecture heretofore in the trance state; and also to assist her pecuniarily in a projected voyage to Europe. The attendance was very fair, although the Chapel was not crowded.

The exercises commenced with the singing of a duet, appropriate to the time and place, after which Professor S. B. Brittan made some remarks with reference to what was understood would be the order of exercises for the evening. Many, perhaps, had been attracted there with a view to witness some physical display of Spiritual power. But, on this occasion, they would be disappointed, as the only manifestations made through Miss Jay were speaking and singing. He then spoke of the manner in which it was supposed Spirits impressed or spoke through mediums, describing the different methods. Sometimes the control was so complete that the Spirit was able to give, not only its ideas, but even the verbal clothing of the thoughts uttered by the medium. In the case of Miss Jay it was believed that very frequently not merely the idea of the Spirit but the clothing that the idea puts on, the verbal expression, is determined by the action of the Spirit-mind, from the fact that very profound natural and theological questions were frequently discussed in a style which was beyond what could be expected in a young lady who had never pursued such studies. It was proposed to give this meeting, as before indicated, a somewhat more conversational character, perhaps, than a lecture.—It was requested, if any person had any questions to be answered, if they would hand them in, they should be submitted to the medium after the influence had been exerted upon her, and perhaps an answer would be given. So far as we were concerned, we could not promise anything. He hoped some questions might be suggested, for the reason that it had been supposed there was a previous mental preparation on the part of the medium, and that it was simply a rehearsal of ideas which had passed through the mind. If questions should be proposed and answered satisfactorily, it would remove this objection in the minds of the audience. For this reason the speaker desired questions should be submitted.

After the singing of another duet, the following questions, handed from the audience, were read by Mr. Brittan:

1st. Are the efforts of Miss Jay produced by a Spirit direct, or are her powers simply quickened by Spiritual influence?

2d. Can Spirits, after death, pass through material bodies, so that, if confined in a room hermetically sealed, they could pass out?

3d. What is the Spiritual information in regard to endless punishment?

Miss Jay arose, and, in answer to these questions, spoke as follows:

Friends, in speaking of mediumship, or the powers of the medium now before you, and in endeavoring to comply with your requests to know whether she is simply inspired and her powers quickened, or whether she is actually possessed by an intelligence foreign to herself, I trust I can answer in a few words to your satisfaction. Now, the mind of this medium is, as you are aware, a distinctive being from the Spirit who controls the organization to speak, because when her own mind acts upon it, it simply portrays itself. The mind must act through organs according to the powers of the organization. If the mind of a Spirit, thus controlling a medium, be far superior to the mind that naturally possesses the physical organism, it could not portray its thoughts and feelings to perfection; this could not be unless the quality and properties of that organism were adapted to the wants of that particular mind. Hence the medium now before you must of necessity possess the peculiar quality of brain necessary as a channel through which we pour the thoughts of the Spirit forth, or we could not give them to you. You see, at once, that an instrument placed before you might be indifferently used by the possessor of it, because he did not understand its powers; it is not because its mechanism is incapacitated to bring forth the melody and harmony that dwell within its delicate chords. But let another more skillful hand possess its keys, and what heavenly music does it discourse! Is the instrument changed? By no means. Hence the medium may possess powers which she knows not of. The mind is a vast world, and you nor any

other one knows the extent of your powers and abilities. You are constantly unfolding and progressing, and this medium differs not from you in this respect. She possesses many powers that equal any thing you have ever heard from Spirits; but that she understands those powers fully, and can bring them forth to you, we deny. When we first began to control this medium for pouring our thoughts to the world, she was comparatively uneducated—I mean when compared with the present.

Conceive, if you can, of a mind constantly being under the influence of such thoughts and feelings, constantly listening to communications of the character of which many of you have heard, for two years, and would you not suppose that many hidden springs of thought within herself would be touched, and thus bring forth those bright angel-thoughts, even to her Spirit as well as to the Spirits who surround her. In the case of this medium, it depends wholly upon conditions whether we simply quicken her powers for the time being; her organization and give you our own thoughts and views in substance. The subject of mediumship is a great theme—one which you cannot understand in your language, because language is inadequate to describe it. Hence a person cannot be said to fully understand all the phases of mediumship that this Spirit-control produces. If we take possession of the medium and speak our own language and ideas, then you would recognize the style as foreign to herself, as far above her capacity, or at least the development of one of her years.

You have been the judge in this matter. And when we say that we can control her to the app-

parent setting aside of her own Spirit—though the connection must be kept up between the physical and Spiritual organism—yet we assert, during this time, Spirits do possess her physical organization and thus give you their own views, clothed in their own words.

In relation to the power of Spirits to pass through solid substances, we would also speak. This is a subject that you cannot fully comprehend, because of the inadequacy of language to express the actual demonstrations of the powers and properties of the Spiritual organism. You ask, what is mind? Do you understand the mind as being the operation of the internal powers through the physical organization? All mind, you say, is a production of thought and ideas that ultimate in individual external expression. Now, the Spiritual form is in every respect, analogous to the physical or external; and the material is not as you have been taught to suppose, the first germ of existence. The Spiritual principle is the foundation of the physical structure. When the Spiritual form becomes so far sublimated and etherialized as to believe in the attributes of God, the Supreme Being, the Great Positive Mind, it is, by the fact of mingling with those attributes, sublimated to a degree that it forms an individual, and that individual can never be destroyed. It is not dependent for its existence upon mere physical conditions; if it were so, you have no reason to suppose the mind immortal. If it could not exist independent of its relation to the material structure, then you can bring no idea upon which to rest your faith in immortality; you must begin with the Spiritual body. This combination of ingredients is invisible to your material eyes or vision. Though you know this Spiritual form animates all forms, you cannot see it; you only see the effects of it as produced upon the physical organization or the outer structure. Look upon the forms of the mineral, vegetable and animal creation—all these, in their various departments, possess this same innate Spiritual power, but only perceptible to you as affects the outer or that which is material—that which is tangible and visible. You know its existence, because you see its effects, but you cannot define it in your language. We see that same Spirit composes man, and that there are grades of refinement that constitute this Spiritual structure; and though the organization corresponds in every respect to the external or physical, yet there are numberless multitudes of refined and sublimated Spiritual bodies. Man cannot arrive at a conception of his own internal, because he is ever unfolding, and is inexhaustible in himself, even as the Deity. This is what constitutes immortality; and this is the attractive feature of the Spiritual philosophy—the teaching of this great law of progression which governs man throughout eternity, his Spirit being constantly unfolding and developing, yet never being perfected.

This Spiritual body must of necessity, in its re-

lations to the physical, bear something of tangibility; and though it is infinitely more refined than the material form, it must be somewhat material to live and exist in contact with this materiality.—And when the Spirit leaves that form, if it possess the same organization, must be somewhat material; and I should say that the Spiritual body is not, in all cases, capable of passing through solid sub-

stances. You say electricity is material, and yet this can pass through solid substances. I believe there is nothing impervious to the Spirit of electricity—that which Spirits use to mingle with the forces emanating from the physical structure to produce Spiritual manifestations. The Spirit may control, through this substance, so as to produce a con-

dition which commends itself to your material senses. But that Spirit can, in all cases, pass through solid substances, I do not believe. It depends upon conditions. If the Spirit has become so far refined as to be able to control the emanations of the Spiritual body, as it would this electrical current, then it would pass through material substances. But you see, at once, if the Spirit is organized and passes through a solid substance it

must become disorganized in some manner. In view of this consideration, it would be inconsistent that the Spirit-body could, as an organization, pass through solid substances in this manner.

Many ask how it is that the Spirit leaves the body at death? The Spiritual powers of the internal, as we look upon them, and as we before said, are infinitely more sublimated, etherialized and refined than the externals of the same Spiritual body. Hence the internals may be constantly passing, for hours, from the external body, and thus commence a new formation, a new organization, and, at the same time, maintain its relations to the actual Spiritual organization. The germ of the Spiritual body is transported from the internals of the Spiritual body simply to another sphere, and there attracts to itself, by this same divine law, those particles of the Spiritual body that have the greatest affinity for it, until the entire form is complete.

We do not suppose there was ever an instance where the Spiritual form left the external in one moment, and perhaps not in an hour. Yet, in instances where dissolution takes place gradually, or the decay of the physical body is so gradual as to render the Spiritual almost separated from it hours before the time of apparent separation, the Spiritual-body must become almost wholly formed before it ceases to act upon the external. But, as in the case of the infant, there must of necessity, a separation take place,—and the Spiritual birth corresponds to the natural. So the Spiritual form must be severed from the physical, and this may not take place until life has been apparently extinct for hours.

There have been cases on record where the person has appeared to be robbed of life for hours, and again the Spirit would re-animate the physical structure. But we believe, in the cases of Lazarus and the Ruler's daughter, the actual Spiritual body had not passed from the physical structure, else it could not have returned. Do not you see it is inconsistent that after all action has ceased, after this vital fluid has been withdrawn, and physical dissolution takes place, that the Spirit could again return by any possible means and re-animate that body. Hence we do not believe that death, in the sense in which you understand it, took place in reference to these persons. I do not know as I could give you my meaning better than this. But you must, as I before said, form your own ideas in relation to this. It is not a matter which Spirits can bring to your comprehension. There are great thoughts in your mind that have a particular form of organization there, yet you can never portray them to another. Your language is inadequate to this. Even so with us. We see the existence of great truths, and though we cannot give them to you as we perceive them, yet we are glad to present, though imperfectly, ideas which you cannot glean from the physical world.

Now, in relation to the third question of eternal punishment. We must speak of positive good and evil as considered among you. Let us return to the beginning of creation, for it is to the Great First Cause that we must trace all effects—for nothing ever existed without a cause and origin. You say that God—that Being you call Supreme—the omnipotent and omnipresent Power whom you personify under this name, is the Creator of all things. Your Bible teaches you that in six days He created the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, and pronounced them good.—Now, my friends, is there none of you who will not admit that eternal punishment is a dire evil—something that mankind is to dread, is to flee from as their most deadly foe;—hence it cannot be good. But, as God created all things that were created, I cannot conceive it possible that He should have created anything entirely antagonistic to His divine character. Hence I decry the existence of a positive principle of evil.

Let us look further at the subject. You say we have been taught that the principle of evil rather emanated from the rebellion of an angel in heaven, and that he was cast out and cursed; then he came upon the earth and tempted our first parents, who fell from a state of holiness and purity; and in this manner sin was transmitted to us and all future generations, and also the curse of eternal punishment and banishment from the presence of Jehovah. Now, my beloved friends, think of the inconsistency of this doctrine. Can you suppose it possible that an angel in the courts of heaven, who had his birth there, and was created by this divinely pure Being, the Father of Infinite Love,—

can you suppose it possible that he could become discontented with his condition, could rebel against his Maker, and, in consequence of the superior power of God, be cast out and thrown upon the earth? How is it that this created being possesses the power to create a principle entirely antagonistic to the power of his Creator?—a principle that shall exist as long as that first Creator exists? Do you not make this angel, Spiritually, the actual creator of a principle or law that governs or controls nine-tenths of the human family, while God, the great legitimate Creator, has only power to attract to Himself but a small portion of His children.

How strangely inconsistent is this doctrine! I ask you to consider it, and remember that Christ whom you regard as the great teacher—declared that a good tree could not bring forth corrupt fruit, nor a pure fountain send forth bitter and sweet waters. If God created the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, and at the end of that creation pronounced them good, where, I ask, either in the Scriptures, in Nature, or in science, is one evidence of a new creation by Him of this principle of evil? Ah! thanks be to His Almighty name

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

SPIRITUALISM IN CITIES.

Among the singularities that attend the advent of Spirit manifestation, few seem more puzzling or perplexing to the conventional mind than the one startling fact, that the greatest *wonders* seem to be developed in our largest cities. The singularity comes from the foregone conclusion, that cities in the main are little *better* at present than "Sodom and Gomorrah" were in their day and generation. The question of old "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is not an isolated or exceptional one in the history of the world, for the Spirit, if not the wording is true of places and men the world over. It would take a long and perhaps a clearer statement of fact than we could make, for discriminate reflection on the comparative vice and virtue of "town and country," were it an object for us to attempt a vindication of city life, as *premiss* for the few observations we may make on the development of Spiritualism in our large cities.—Whatever method and philosophy the reader may use in accounting for the extremes of life and the hypocrisies of conventional society, will be alike acceptable to us, as we have neither time to spend on, nor interest in the issue at present, for the *facts* are no less stubborn and positive, be the extremes of city life the result of innate depravity or social accident. That Spiritualism is most advanced where intelligence and culture is most general, is a fact that any one can convince himself or herself of by reading "the papers" from any intelligent city in the Union. In New Orleans, St. Louis, and other cities of the South, the phenomena has not only appeared, but in some places such as Norfolk and Baltimore, converted many to a belief in Spiritualism. Philadelphia has (perhaps next to New York,) the largest number of believers, with the greatest diversity of media, manifestation and phases of faith.

This, however, is true more or less of all cities, but there are developments coming before the public in New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland and Hartford, that must sooner or later revolutionize public opinion. The manifestations from what may be called the "Miracle Circles" cannot *fail* of this, if the present developments continue, for they not only *challenge* investigation by the seeming violation of all natural law, but exact admiration for the wonders done.

The mind that conceives of these *preternatural* efforts a rude exhibitions of physical force (which some wise doctors divide into two parts, psychological influence and muscular motion,) is as much at fault as the Egyptians were in conceiving the necessity of celestial ferrymen in order to get the sun from the West to the East by day dawn. No, the manifestations are not only independent of the volitions of the Circles, but in many cases, much above the normal development of genius and ability of the company, when these exhibitions of art and skill are effected.

It makes little difference seemingly whether it be the healing of the sick, the playing of the piano, or the moving of articles in the room, in either case, when the Circle is harmonious, the physical, the mental, (including the speaking, writing, or singing,) and healing are alike easily and naturally effected. Thus, we have seen three mediums entranced to sing at the same time, extemporizing the tune and the words, and all harmonizing in the most wonderful manner.

And this, be it understood, is not done in a corner, but in the presence of men of large culture and severe experience. These things are done in our cities, in the presence of doctors, lawyers, editors, merchants, mechanics, and by the sons and daughters of each and all of these, in every department of society and by every phase of character.

Thus we gave in our last issue an account of some wonderful manifestations in Buffalo, called a "Time with the Spirits," which was copied from the Saratoga Republican, because they were not only well attested, but because they were efficacious in *convincing* Mr. Young, the editor of the Republican, to a belief in Spirit-intercourse and necessarily in *immortality*. This to us was not only good authority, but cheerful news, for nearly a year ago, when we first met with this gentleman, although he was "liberal enough" to admire the Spiritual theory, he was nevertheless *frank* enough to say, that as yet, he had no convincing proof of Spiritual existence.

We do not attach much importance to a sudden change of belief morally, nor can we conceive how instantaneous conversions can be of any marked good spiritually, but now as in the days of Paul, seeing is believing with well informed and healthy minds. Thus a pitcher full of water being removed from the "mantel," and the contents poured up on the heads of part of the company, cannot be considered other than *convincing* evidence even to a psychological doctor. Besides, when a piano discourses most wonderful music without the touch of mortal hand, there is an end to conjecture and controversy as to the *fact* of mental and physical manifestations.

Yet, these are the facts to which Mr. Young testifies, and the proof is positive, because attested to by others. In Boston too, the manifestations are fast developing with great power, giving to the conscientious inquirer after truth convincing evidence of Spirit power. To save comment of our own, we give the following from the *New Era* of March 3d, which will outline the general character of the phenomena as developed at Mr. Barnard's rooms.

WOMAN LIFTED, CHAISE AND ALL, AND SET UPON THE TABLE.—A few evenings since, we were sitting in a circle at Barnard's, when one of the mediums was lifted up, sitting in her chair, and placed chair and all, on the centre of a large dining-table. Was it done in the *dark*? Yes; but under the following circumstances: the medium that lifted was a female, and entered at the time. She sat on the South side of the table. On her right sat nobody, and nobody could sit there, or get there either, such is the arrangement of the furniture in that part of the room. On her left, near the corner of the table, sat Mr. Barnard. On the West side, sat two or three other persons—One or two individuals also sat on the North side; but the East side of the table cannot be approached; so nobody sat there.

Well, after we had listened to music, and a good deal of noise—had seen the brilliant "Spirit lights" gazing for five minutes or so, in the most graceful and seemingly impossible manner, and the manifestations had ceased for a time, and while several persons were engaged in moderate conversation, some one exclaimed, "They are lifting her on the table!" A light was then immediately struck, and then we all saw the medium whose place was on the South side of the table, sitting upright in her chair on the centre of the table, and just coming out of a trance.

"But how do you know that Mr. B. did not put the medium and chair where you saw them? "We do not know but that he did so, but we do not believe it. "Why?" Because the weight of the person, including the chair, would have required such an effort of lifting on his part, as to cause no small *degree* of noise—not a particle of which did we hear, till the chair reached the top of the table, and sat upon it.

No doubt this may seem "very singular" to the reader, but what will he or she say to the statement of fact found in another column, of the friends in Hartford seeing the hand, arm and entire person of the Spirit by *gas* light. Not in the

"dark" or through a glass darkly, as in most other Circles, but by aid of the brightest light. We hope the friends in Hartford will give the public a full statement of such facts and philosophy as may aid the mind in comprehending the conditions of the circle and the peculiarities of the mediums, for we take it for granted, that the circle must be in a very advanced and harmonious state to be the medium of such wonderful demonstration. Of the wonders of our own city, we will not write at present, more than to remark there are *tests* in process of development, which if completed according to promise, will appear more like the miraculous and supernatural than any thing we have heard since Jesus walked "upon the water."

We hope, however, it will be a constant endeavor with all persons examining the Spiritual phenomena to prove all things to the best of their ability, and hold fast that which is good.

DREAMS AND THEIR FULFILMENT.

Although it may be said with propriety, that the phenomena of *dreaming* is as old as creation, and as uniform and universal as life and its phases, yet so skeptical and materialistic is the age in which we move and have a being, that it needs a pretty bold or a slightly stupid man to acknowledge his *belief* in DREAMS.

And yet the history of remarkable dreams is more or less common to nearly every family, as well as every religious tradition; and often is the last link of religious association to be broken in the career of crime and villainy. The time is not far distant when thoughtful men, and learned and pure-minded women, will look into the history of life to find the web and woof of destiny, as it has run from generation to generation, which, when found, will reflect little else than the mirrored creations of the Dream-Land. We doubt not, when the time comes, a profounder and a more Spiritual philosophy will arrive with it, for it will be seen that the delicate and so-called *fanciful* influences of life, have been and are in *fact*, the all-powerful forces in molding and controlling destiny.

To authenticate this statement, "by arguing the point," would be useless, since the reader of this paper must be able to call to mind a sufficient number of facts to warrant the conclusion.

Had we not given these facts, however, the wonders of daily life are not exhausted, but seem more numerous and astonishing, if we are to credit the many "singular," "wonderful," and "remarkable" fulfillments of dreams, which week after week are to be found in our exchanges.—"Time works wonders," because of the depth and breadth of the great wonder, man and his *unfoldings* are unlike everything else in Nature, on his plain. This he is by virtue of creation, as head of the great family of animate things, which every student of Nature must acknowledge, be he saint or sinner—Nothingarian or Religionist. What wonder then, that in his development from the infancy of being, we see and meet with phases of a life that blooms *not* on earth, but speak of, and point out, another and a better world, were these mysteries will be understood, and their *value* to the culture of earth explained. The following, which is now going the rounds of the press, is from the Cincinnati Times.

A SINGULAR DREAM—MOST REMARKABLE REALIZATION.—A young married lady, the wife of a Main street merchant, residing on Race street, in the vicinity of Third, had a most singular dream on the night of Wednesday, Dec. 6, which has since been realized in a remarkable manner. The name of the lady who withheld her secret. One the night spoke of she retired to bed at her own request. One the night spoke of she retired to bed in a pleasant frame, not however particularly related. The first of the night she was visited by a deep sleep, which as the dawn appeared, gave way to slumber of a more broken character. Suddenly she dreamed—and dreaming saw her brother, the same that two years ago left his orphan home to brave the hardships of California life, that he might secure to himself and sister a competence. She saw him rise from a bed in a small hut-like tenement, and running his hand under the pillow, drew from there a revolver and a huge bowie-knife, both of which he placed in a belt which he wore around his loins. It seemed that it was not far from midnight, for the embryo still yet smoking on the rude hearth, and as they cast their faint pale over his countenance, she thought that perhaps he was all a dream, but then she concluded that no dream could be real, and became convinced that all was actual.

She often copy from "Dream Land and Ghost Land," a London publication, by E. P. Hood.

"MOSSES.—I herein reply to your letter of the 10th instant, in which you express to me the wish of knowing whether the belief in the apparitions of Spirits individually, and in human forms, is contrary to the Catholic faith.

"After God, a pure Spirit, and the father of Spirits, as say the Gospel, theology admits two sorts of Spirits dependent on God; these are the angels,—for the demons are fallen angels,—and the souls of men.

"I have looked over the Holy Scripture, and it supplies me with different instances of apparitions of these two sorts of Spirits, individually, and in human forms.

"ANGELS.—Those are three angels who, in the forms of men, appear to Abraham, and even converse with him—Genesis, ch. xviii.

"It is an angel, also, who, in the human form, appears to Jacob, and wrestles with the holy patriarch, to give him to understand that the weakest man do much with the assistance of heaven—Genesis, ch. xxvii.

"It is also an angel, who, in the form of a man, appears to the young Tobias, and accompanies him on his journey in the country of the Medes.—Tobit, ch. vii, viii.

"In short, after the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, it was an angel, who, in the form of a young man, appears to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary.—St. Matthew, ch. xxviii.

"Spirits of the DECEASED MEN.—Samuel, after descending to the grave, appears to Saul in the same form as he had on earth, through the means of the Witch of Endor, of whom God makes use to execute his holy designs, with regard to the Hebrew King.—First Book of Samuel, ch. xxviii.

"Moses, many ages after having lowered up his Spirit on Mount Nebo, and Elias, long years after having quitted the earth, appear in human forms, though surrounded with glory, on the Tabor, a high mountain, to John and James, the day of Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ.—St. Matthew, ch. xxvii, and St. Mark, ch. ix.

"The "Lives of the Saints" furnishes us with instances of similar apparitions, and especially the "Life of Saint Theresa."

"M. Chardel, formerly a counsellor of the court of Cassation, and deputy of the Seine, whose learning and good faith cannot be questioned, does not recollect to us, in his "Essay on Physiological Psychology," various apparitions of deceased persons, who, in their earthly forms, appeared to members of their family, asking them to discharge certain works of piety, such as masses and pilgrimages, promised by the deceased, but remaining unperformed at the time of their death?

"But what comes to confirm what we have just said is the honorable testimony of a man as learned as orthodox such as the Abbe Duclou, who, in his reply to the sarcasm of Voltaire against Chap. 82. of Genesis, relative to the angel who, in the form of a man, appears to Jacob in order to wrestle with him, when he sets forth his opinion, with respect to the apparition of Spirits, he says to us:

"1st. That God is surely the master of appearing whenever he pleases, and in whatever manner he pleases.

"2d. That the good or wicked angels, and the souls of men may appear, but only at the order and by the permission of God.

"3d. That God sometimes gives such order and such permission.

"4th. That this occurred more frequently in the early ages of the world, for reasons deserving of it.

"5th. That this may again occur, even now, because God is still as powerful as he was at first.

"In short, that the apparitions of angels and the dead contain not more difficulties than the apparition of God himself.

"From what I have just quoted, I believe it may be rightly concluded that the belief in the apparition of Spirits, in human forms and individually, is very far from being contrary to the Catholic faith, the more so as the Church has not yet pronounced against the apparitions of which you speak to me.

"As to me, Monsieur, with this conviction was it, and not otherwise, that I permitted myself to wait upon you to witness a few apparitions, which, whilst surprising me, have become for me a fresh proof of what we read in the holy book with respect to the apparitions of Spirits in human forms, and I shall never cease, while I live, returning thanks to God for having deigned to grant me a favor so great as that of knowing physically by myself the immortality of the soul.

"As to you, Monsieur, it is thus that I view the grand magnetic phenomena which engage our attention, and I am persuaded that it was in allusion to certain apparitions of deceased persons seen by some somnambulists as privileged as our good Adele, that the Zev. Father Lacombe, in spite of the academicians and skeptics, proclaimed from the sacred tribune, in the month of March, 1847, that *Magnetism was a divine preparation*

to humble the pride of materialists. For it is certain that amongst the arguments made use of by theologians to prove the immortality of the soul, that taken from the apparition of Samuel of which I have just spoken, is one of the strongest.

"But, Monsieur, if you and your modest somnambulists have a privilege so great, do not however glory in it, seeing that it is from God alone that you have received it; for, as very wisely says the Abbe Duclou, the angels, good or wicked, can appear only at the order of God or by his permission, and your self-knowledge truth, since I perceived that all your operations are invariably preceded by prayer, imploring the favor of heaven.

"Thus, my good Monsieur, far from being puffed up with your works, say with St. Paul: *Non ego sed gratia dei meum.* (Yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me.) It is not we who work these wonders, but the grace of the Lord, the divine goodness, the omnipotence of the Eternal, who has been pleased to make us of, beings weak and imperceptible in the eyes of the world, in order to confound the *materialists* and the pretended philosophers of the earth. *Inform mundi electus Deus et mundi conforta.* (And God bat chosen the weak that of this world to confound the things which are mighty.) It is St. Paul who speaks.

"Accept, Monsieur, I beg of you, the sincere expression of my respectful sentiments, with which I have the honor to be.

"Your very humble and most obedient servant,

"L. A. ALHIGNANA."

"No. 15 Rue de l'Eglise.

Batignolles, the 14th February, 1847.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE WORLD.

When, in the economy of God, it may be proper for Spirits of the highest development to communicate with the children of earth, and thus enrich their culture by enlarging their resources of knowledge, and explaining the relations we sustain to the ages, it will be more difficult to conceive of limitation to their usefulness, than to understand the benefits likely to spring from such intercourse.

In fact and in truth, the actual knowledge we possess on any given point, if reduced by the severest tests and the most rigid analyses to its ultimate value, for the aid it may give in explaining the phenomena of life, the phases of human character, the age, progress and development of the human family, the formation of, and the existence of the world itself, on any or all of these points, it will not go far toward the harmonization of the conflicting theories which the guessing of the learned has called into being. Few subjects are now a days more thought of than the antiquity of the world; and yet, with all the light of modern science, many no doubt, like Voltaire, are of the opinion that "the world is like a coquette and conceals her age," though few could say so much understandingly, for when he gave the above *conundrum* as the result of his reflection, he had classified, what in his age was considered the best evidence of a remote antiquity of the world's creation. The evidence may be condensed into the following, which by Voltaire was considered the most reliable:

1st. The collection of Astronomical observations made during 1900 consecutive years at Babylon, and transmuted to Greece by Alexander.

2d. The central eclipse of the sun, collected from calculations in China 2155 years before our vulgar era, and admitted by all astronomers to have actually occurred.

3d. The Arundel Marbles. The Chronicles of Athens were inscribed on these marbles 260 years before our era, but go no further back than the time of Cecrops, 1300 years beyond the time of the inscription.

If this is a reliable statement of the historic measurement of time, the revelations made during the last half century, from the great book of geology, as well as the facts brought to light by the researches of Champollion, Gliddon, Batta, and other antiquarians, must be accepted as of great value, since they help us to do with some accuracy, what in Voltaire's age was impossible, i. e. measure time.

She often expressed a desire to be at rest and to continue her journey beyond the grave, for she fully believed in the *Harmonia Philosophia* which demonstrated to her mind, that "Spirits do communicate with man." She had an intuitive cast of mind, and her impressions were singularly correct.

Truly, "none knew her but to love her," for her was a beautiful Spirit, pure and lovely, and all who came within its sphere felt that she was *spiritually* born, and that her Spirit must wing its flight ere long. The angel of death has claimed her, and thus we travel hence, one by one. She fully believed in the poet:

"O, no! they're not sleeping.
They're watching us yet;
The love they once bore us,
They never can forget."

And we meet them again,
When life's bound up is sped;
Oh, no, they're not dead!
Oh, no, they're not dead!"

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.—On Saturday, March 10, at No. 303 Tenth street, Robert Paton McGregor, aged 22 months, son of Daniel McGregor, of Huron, Canada West.

THE FIRST PART OF THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

As we are going to press the European news comes to us by the Africa, by which we learn that "the Emperor of Russia is dead." "Surmises are afloat, that he was assassinated, but it is thought he died apoplexy, after an attack of influenza."—So reads the Tribune extra of March 15, and how far it harmonizes with the following prophecy, made through Mr. J. F. Coles, medium, we leave the reader to say. The prophecy was made on the 2d or 3d of December, so that the time seems to be exact to the hour. Napoleon said through the medium: "Ere three months are past, dating from this hour, the assassination of a crowned head will astonish and bewilder the magnates of Europe and overturn an Empire." For a detail of the prophecy, see Christian Spiritualist of December 23.

MISS EMMA JAY.

Although we have published the lectures of this medium, and freely noticed her movements, we have nevertheless abstained from all critical comment on the characteristics and valuation of her mediumship. No doubt the time is not far off when profound will give place to criticism, for the philosophy of mediumship must be examined and understood, if we are to have any true progress in Spiritualism. So far as the efforts of Miss Jay have come under our observation, they certainly have been of a very uneven character, for while her morning efforts have been *all her friends could wish*, those of the evening in many cases, have not only been defective in vigor of thought, clearness of conception, and ease in delivery, when judged by her other efforts, but far below the efforts of reasonable Spirits in the flesh. There is an obvious fallacy however for all this, and we call attention to the cause as well as the effect, in hope both may be corrected. For instance, the assigned cause of her evening defects is that the fatigue of the morning effort is such as to render her incapable of Spirit-influx, and thus render her the less perfect mouth-piece of the Spirits. If this is the true explanation, would it not be advisable for the friends of the cause, to consult the interests of Miss Jay as well as the need of proselytism, by having her lecture just half the time. This change is not only necessary on the score of doing herself and the Spirits justice, but her own health and physical well-being should have some authority in the conclusion. Prudence too, reminds us that *haste* is not speed, nor should omittance be considered quittance.

We hope the publisher will not be deterred however, from other publications, whatever may be the fate of this, for we doubt not a liberal and enlightened public opinion will sustain any and all efforts he may make, in giving us a reprint of the best speculative works of Europe. In fact this department has been

going get religion; she wanted it, and she would have it.

During the time of this excitement she attended some few meetings at the Baptist Church, where excitement prevailed, and some dozen or two have been baptized, through the instrumentality of the Evangelist Knapp and some others. Not being able physically to get the evidence that she fancied that others were getting, she became over-anxious and confused; the result was insanity. But could this effect be without a cause, certainly not. Then what was the cause that thus affected this once loved and beautiful lady?

Why evidently it was the concentration of this Church's influence in demoralizing her understanding, benumbing her senses, paralyzing her brain, by proclaiming her a subject of the haves, and in denying her fitness for heaven. Had she been told that God was goodness, righteousness, harmony and happiness, and that she had these qualifications, and consequently was just as good a Christian as those of higher pretensions, no doubt she would have settled down, short of being thrown into this high state of mental excitement by the hot-headed zeal of foolish enthusiasm, manifested by the ignorant religious of the day.

But what can be done in this case? She has gone to the Utica Asylum, where we hope the best of talents may be used in her behalf, and a few days restore her to her family.

My own opinion is that she might be demagnetized, as her nerve vital fluid is checked, and that she might readily be restored by Mr. Knapp, or whoever the transgressor may have been, by demagnetizing. And I would suggest through your columns, for the benefit of such ignorant clergy and foolish transgressors, that they try the experiment, and see if they may not be as successful in bringing people back from Hades, as they were in sending them there.

This lady evidently at times fancies herself in hell, for she says she is there, uttering the most profane oaths that may be conceived to be characteristic of such a destiny.

Now I have seen hundreds of persons who were evidently insane for the time being, who would pull their hair and abuse themselves and friends, and yet on a sudden would be relieved. Why all this? because the restoring influence of the magnetic currents were sufficient to correct the dilemma. Who could not produce the most horrible cases of insanity by the abuse of the psychological or magnetical elements? If these things can be induced in this way, may they not be deduced by proper means? If they can be induced through ignorance, or a want of understanding certain laws, may they not be deduced by understanding and wisely applying those laws? Certainly. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways.

If this lady's insanity has been induced by Mr. Knapp's horrible painting of the Hades, let him go to work and correct that to his mind, by treating the subject legitimately, and I think she would become sane. But if her insanity is induced by the magnetic current of Spirits in or out of the form, originating from the confusion or want of understanding, then I would suggest that a number of persons who might have been the most eager for her conversion, make the experiment to demagnetize her. But I don't expect to persuade these folks to do anything of the kind. Yet I wish to lay this subject before the public, and if possible, help others to avoid a similar error.

Yours with respect, L. Bush.

Auburn, March 5, 1855.

Poetry.

And Poesy too shall lend her aid,
Persuading as she sings—
Scattering o'er your shaded earth
Sweet incense from her wings.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FIFTY-FOUR.

BY ASMYLT FORRENS.

Hast thou stepped from the cycle of all years
To give to earth a darker shadow more;
To mingle blood with the young orphan's tears
Thou gloomy fifty-four!

Thy feet have darkly pressed the ages past,
In the common dust of buried things;
And all that thou hast from thy ruin cast
To ruin fondly clings!

Sabres are flashing in the Easterly world,
Like tongues of flame that once her altars spanned;
And flags of brazen armaments unfurled,
Upon that Baltic st. And.

Why hast thou grouped contending hosts like these,
To fit the measure of thy wrath, and pour
Destruction on the legendary seas,
And on the shrinking shore?

If vengeance such as this—so long reserved—
Since the last birth of war, be meted here;
What is thy purpose that such left preserved?
Is there a better cheer?

Will soldier furl his flag, and keep his gun
No longer bright on human hearts to feast,
Or hands with talibal like the red sun
When shooting from the East?

Will tides be never sundred, or a pang
Of severed hearts thrill with that phlegm ery—
The music which humanity has sung,
So many a century?

Whi man and woman, see in each a flower,
That blossoms in the vales of life to show,
That over all, there is a holy power
To solve every woe!

Shall we look back through intervening years
Like men, who look through prison bars with shame,
Because in our life's image there appears
The past's ignoble shame.

Regret and mourning cannot wake thy sleep,
Or snatch thee from the oblivion of thy grave.

The triumph is enough, if we can keep
What's left—from rula save.

Hast thou a memory for thy sister hours,
That hastened to come, when Firme was young?
Or are their faded laurels dimmed as ours,
Unspent unsung?

Yes, there's a triumph left, the Spirit's bound,
Fath wider been diffused in all degrees;
As circles in the water, spread around,
When some thing breaks the seas.

God hath renewed the prophecies of old,
And handed down to life, a mystic charm,
Whose power is like the anoint of gold,
That bound the priestly's arm.

Midnight waits the dawn, like swarthy Hannibal,
Waiting the waking of the Bythian knell;

We court her signal, seek her promises,
And to her advent cling.

Providence, March 12th, 1855.

[From the National Era.]

TO-DAY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Haste, O ye idlers, haste;
How glad we are to have you!
One moment, once misplaced,
Cannot be righted.
Wait not your work to view;
Now is the time to do—
Let not the day, you know,
Be a day slighted.

While you sit and gain,
While you count care and pain,
God's gifts to you are vain—
Haste to redeem them!
Mind not the past, it's gone;
Fit each against the sky—
Leave from layer, if you try,
You will unseem them.

If you have friends, why, then,
Work like true-hearted men—

Work like true brethren,
Shoulder to shoulder;
But without help of friends,
Who, single-handed bend
Fast to the rocky end,
He is the bolder.

Were life a breath of air,
Ending we know not where,
Then might the soul despair
For its brief hour;

But life is more

Live through eternity,

Then should our actions be

Worthy such doings.

THE CALIFORNIA STORY.

Mr. Ewer, editor of the Pioneer, in a letter to the New York Herald, explains the origin of those articles which were published in this paper some months since, and speaks of the whole thing as a fiction. We have not room this week to speak of his conduct and the letter as they deserve, but will in our next.

Mr. Blackell, editor of the *Organ*, of this city, will deliver a lecture on "Life—Physical, Mental and Spiritual," for the benefit of the Ragged School, at the Rooms of the School, on Monday evening, March 10. The school is opposite the Crystal Palace, on Sixth-avenue.

HARMONIC VOCALISM.

Music is becoming not merely a solace and a refreshment but a sweet necessity of life. As the Spirit unfolds its finer powers it pines for this purer element, as the full-fledged bird for the free and buoyant air. Harmony is the sentient what knowledge is to the perceptive powers; and to withhold from either their appropriate nourishment, is to dwarf the Spirit and arrest its perfect development.

And as of all beauty none is comparable to "the human face divine," as the living presence is richer more satisfying than any intercourse through correspondence, or even the communion with the wisdom of the Past through the medium of literature, so the human voice, when harmonized and perfected by discipline and culture, touches chords that vibrate so sweetly from no other source. Vocal harmony is the purest, most universally pleasing form in which the heavenly Muse approaches us. From the cradle onward through all the changes of many-phased human existence, it is the one enjoyment that never wears. Familiarity but increases the attraction by mingling with the inspiration of the present hour the hallowed associations of other days. It moulds and fashions, sways and develops more than eloquence or didactic instruction, as the dews are more powerful than the rains, the still small voice speaking in the silent depths of the heart, than the flame of the thunder that glows or reverberates from without.

These thoughts were suggested by attending one of the concerts of "THE SINGING SISTERS," a band of vocalists who have been delighting the Brooklyn people generally, and specially enlivening the meetings of our Spiritual friends at the Institute. The crowded houses they have attracted, amid the variety of amusement claiming public attention, shows that there is a deep sympathy with this most pleasing form of the most winning of arts. Their singing is sweet and natural, and must ever be popular; and several of the lighter pieces were by no means wanting in comic effect, whilst in the celebrated "Echo Song," the more quaint and radiant of the tuneful band showed a compass of voice and a masterly execution worthy of the long culture of the most successful artiste. She was well supported by the varied talents of her accomplished "Sisters,"—on the right by the reserved and quiet expression of one whom we should take to be her nearer kin, on the left by the deeper tones of her friends in affinity one degree more removed. Altogether their voices well accord and form a volume which perfectly fills the room, affording a very high degree of satisfaction to the whole assembly.

Such, we believe, is the feeling of most while sitting in their inspiring presence, and thrilling with their warbled harmonies. On retiring one feels a little as if he had dined upon *blanc mange* and whipped cream. Nectar and ambrosia make an excellent dessert, which is to us the most attractive part of the entertainment; still more substantial basis is also required for the first course. The ethereal harmony breathed through the Spirit still remains; but it should be crystallized around a living thought, an inspired sentiment, like the Spiritual spheres around the grosser planet. We mean that the burden of the song is unworthy of the melody in which it floats. The music is far higher than the words. It is Pegasus yoked to the dull ox; an angelic Spirit speaking through a gross organization. We know that music, in the moment of its inspiration, in its hour of triumph, can ennoble anything. But the words and melody should mutually support each other, like equal partners in a true marriage. Instead of that the coarser drags down the more ethereal element:

As oft in modern days, in real life,
The stolid husband elopes the aspiring wife;
And while she flies on loosened pinions round,
He brings her, fluttering bird-like, to the ground.

The peasant maids of Scotland, sitting in the quiet dell, watching or waiting the sweet approach of eve, find in the songs of Robert Burns the truest expression of their deepest feelings. The music of their native airs and the impassioned breathings of their own poet, the proud inheritance of a sturdy and earnest race, are a fit vehicle to bear their Spirits upward. The blue-eyed German *Madchen*, and the wild *Burzchen* of the universities, find in the rich songs of the all-cultured Goethe, fitly set to music by their own composers, a noble and artistic expression of all their varied moods. But what do we care for the poor jangling rhymes to which our musical purveyors set the sweetest melodies? The airs, like the soul itself, are immortal; but the words, like the body, like paralyzed ecclesiastical establishments and creeds out-worn, have no life in them. Weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, are they mostly. The air of our National anthem will doubtless continue to thrill the rising generation, but the words have ceased to be edifying. The Negro melodies also will long survive the surprising adventures they serve to celebrate.

Come at once to the heart of the matter, we want songs expressive of the genius of the American people. And, there is no disguising it, we are progressing with unexampled strides. Our instincts are Spiritual. Our aspirations are toward the free unfeasted condition of a Spiritualized humanity. Therefore, fully to satisfy the inmost cravings of the American heart, the inspired vocalist must sing of themes dear to an emancipated race—emancipated from the dead forms of the Old World, and filled with the living freshness of the New. This is the inner America which will yet make her voice heard and her will respected. What she asks she demands, what she seeks she is sure to find.

Thus far the literati of this country have wholly failed in giving us an American literature. This is especially true in the department of poetry and song. The deep American heart is not stirred by

the lays of our own poets. It yet waits to hear the voice that shall thrill through all its chords; and it now palpitates with eager expectation as it feels that 'tis inmost longing is about to be satisfied. It makes answer to itself and prophesies the harmonic future.

And even now there exists among us, but known only to a few, the beginning of an inspired literature, a harmonic unfolding, strains of epic grandeur and lyric sweetness, descending from above. The songs of this nation, let us speak it boldly, will be the hymns of the Inner Life. The inspired vocalists of the future shall chant the anthem of the emancipated Spirit, the song of the soul that takes its inspired flight to its heavenly home, but pouring down harmonies to thrill and gladden where'er they fall, as the aeronaut scatters welcome misses from purer heights upon the waiting crowds below.

We wished to give as an illustration of our meaning, several songs from the Interior, particularly from the "Lyric of the Morning Land," but must at present close our remarks with referring our fair Vocalists, and all others, to the exquisite poem above mentioned.

S. E. B.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY.

BY S. M. PETERS.

INTRODUCTION—NO. I.

The great Romish farce of the "Immaculate Conception" has changed to low comedy. The Trinity has become a quadruped God. Something in the theatrical line was necessary to divert the attention of the Catholic masses from the progressive tendencies of the day. And so the wisdom of the Hierarchy discovers that the Immaculate Conception of the Son could not save him from the stain of original sin unless the Virgin Mary was also miraculously conceived. But the play is not ended yet. To make the Virgin pure, her mother must have been miraculously conceived. So must her grandmother and great grandmother, and onward still to the beginning of the genealogical, maternal line. But where was the beginning? Mother Eve went down, for she stole apples and tainted her whole posterity. Here is a nut for theologians to crack, and the sooner they begin to crack it, the sooner they will get it cracked, if ever. Consistency requires that Protestantism should receive this new Deity into the family of God; but our Protestant Clergy are not half so stupid as they are generally supposed to be. They know very well, that the fundamental errors of the Papacy were adopted by the early reformers and engraven upon the Episcopacy, and these errors have kept Protestantism framing like a bottle of ginger-pop ever since. Rather than take any more from Rome, Protestantism would be glad to get rid of all that it has received from that quarter. The Clergy know that the doctrine of the Trinity, three persons but one God, equal in power and glory, cannot be based upon the Scriptures of the New Testament; they know that Jesus repeatedly disclaimed the authority of a God, and they show more wisdom than they have credit for, in avoiding all public controversy on the subject. But what will they do? They know that their old bugbear of "infidel, blasphemer" is every where met with a half comical, half contemptuous curl of the upper lip, and they know that children are born every day in sight of tall steeples and in hearing of loud bells, with the bump of veneration almost minus. Jesuitism is straining every nerve on one side; Spirits are rapping on the other. And the clergy still hold on to the idea that discretion is the better part of valor, and that a good retreat is better than a bad battle. Gentlemen, this won't do. Be wise now, and take a little advice from me, who like yourselves can preach better than he can practice.

DISCOURSE.

Beloved hearers: In the name of our common humanity, we ask that you devote your energies, your talents and your educational advantages to the restoration of Christianity to its primitive use and beauty. We would have our Jesus restored to us, that we could love him as a brother, and no longer behold him separated from us at the awful, immeasurable distance of a God. As a man, we might try to imitate him; as a God, the attempt would be impious. Have you not mistaken his character and your own duty in placing this awful gulf between us? Are you not troubled more about the dignity of your calling than the amount of good you may be able to perform? Does Christianity really require the pillars of pride, fashion, and external splendor to sustain it? Be so kind, my hearers, as to walk with me retrospectively into the ages. Fancy we are standing now in the street of Jerusalem. A rabble comes shouting in at the city gate, and behold in their midst, that strange looking individual. He is bare-headed. His hair and beard seem to be enjoying the largest liberty. His coat is the most outlandish thing imaginable. Tailors and barbers must be greatly troubled over him where he comes from. And look at his feet—no shoes—not pieces of wood, tied on with strings. Riding on a donkey too; what an ungrateful, eccentric being he is, who can be, let us inquire. Hallo there, you, Mr. Pharisee, with the sanctimonious face, who is that long-haired man on that donkey? Mark well the answer my hearers. "O, that is one Jesus, a low fellow from out back. His father is a carpenter, and he works at the same trade. His associates are low-vulgar fishermen and loafers, and he goes about with them pretending to be a prophet or something of that sort. He speaks against our holy church and talks of a new dispensation, that is to establish a new order of things on the basis of a universal brotherhood of man. The impious, blasphemous, he ought to know that Moses received the only true revelation that Jehovah ever gave, or ever will give to man. He ought to know that the elect only are entitled to a place in the kingdom. Only think of vulgar heathen going to heaven with the chosen people. We won't stand it; this innovation must be silenced." Yes, my dear hearers, that was our Jesus. From the beginning to the end of his ministry, he had no parsonage house to live in, no regular salary, and no help from donation parties. Too poor to learn the dead language, or to buy standard theologies or stereotyped sermons, he had to preach on the strength of a Spiritual gift, from the hill side, a rock, beneath the shade of a tree, or any place where he found an audience. The grass by the way side was often his bed, and fruit and raw corn his food. He was kind and loving, and ever ready to mingle with, and pour the balm of sweet words into humble suffering hearts. Yet he was vilified, slandered, and at last murdered. He neglected to dress fashionably, he called things by their names, he sought not the favor of the great, he endorsed no creeds, dogmas, or formal observances, and of course he was not popular. These things led to his tragic death. But who murdered him? Not the Roman Governor, for he washed his hands of the matter. Not the Roman soldiers, for they acted in obedience to authority,

and were in danger themselves of being destroyed by the rabble. And that mob was made up of priest ridden professors of religion, instigated by a holy priesthood. The church was in danger, from the teachings of a man, who according to Chapin, wore hair on his upper lip as a badge of mourning for the loss of his brains. And there were not infidels enough in Jerusalem to protect him. If the Roman horse that marched night and day from Cesarea had arrived twenty-four hours sooner, the loving Nazarene would have been safe for that time. How thankful we ought to be, my friends, that we live in a country where a large majority of the population are infidels, and independent of the machinations of priesthood. Doubtless H. J. Davis often thinks of this. Your present teacher wears hair on his upper lip as a badge of mourning for the loss of his brain.

And now there exists among us, but known only to a few, the beginning of an inspired literature, a harmonic unfolding, strains of epic grandeur and lyric sweetness, descending from above. The songs of this nation, let us speak it boldly, will be the hymns of the Inner Life. The inspired vocalists of the future shall chant the anthem of the emancipated Spirit, the song of the soul that takes its inspired flight to its heavenly home, but pouring down harmonies to thrill and gladden where'er they fall, as the aeronaut scatters welcome misses from purer heights upon the waiting crowds below.

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only to a few, the beginning of an inspired literature,

a harmonic unfolding, strains of epic grandeur and

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And even now there exists among us, but known

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a harmonic unfolding, strains of epic grandeur

Is the day near dawning,
 Oh my soul!
 Do rosy clouds illume,
 Like angels in Christ's tomb,
 The blackness of thy morning,
 Restless soul.

Darkness still expounds thy day,
 Oh my soul!
 No ray of light is gleaming,
 That those in death's arms dreaming,
 May find their Christ, their way,
 Shadowed soul.

There are keener sights than thine,
 Joy my soul!
 In prophetic vision they
 See down a wondrous day,
 Which shall give light divine,
 Darkest souls.

[From the Canada Christian Advocate.]

[The Baron Von Canitz lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and was engaged in the service of the Electors of Brandenburg, both of the great Elector and his successor.—He was the author of several hymns, and the following translation, for the greater part of which I am indebted to the kindness of a friend; but the language of the original, in several places, cannot be adequately translated into English.—Dr. ALEXANDER.]

Come my soul, thou must be waking—
 For the world is still;
 O'er the earth another day;
 Come to him who made this splendor—
See thou render
 All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning:
 Dearly burn'd—
 Till their light grows pale;
 So let all that sense delighted,
 While benighted

From God's presence fade and fail.

Lo! how all breath partaking,
 Gladly wakings,
 In the sun's salutary light!
Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
 Bite and flourish.

When he breaks the shades of night.

Then, too, half the light returning—
 Deadly burning—

 The incense of thy powers;

 But still thy radiance faded—

 God hath tended;

 With his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
 Each endeavor;

 When thine aim is good and true;

 But that he may ever thwart thee,

 And convert thee;

 When thou evil wouldest pursue.

Think that he thy ways beheldest—

 Every fault that lurks within;

 Every stain of shame glossed over,

 Can discover

 And discern each dead of sin.

Fortered to the fleeting hours,

 All our powers;

 All our efforts are borne away,

 Time, my soul, thy ship is steering,

 Onward veering.

To the gift of death a prey.

May at thou, then, on life's last morrow,

 Free from sorrow;

 And when death's dark sadness,

 Bite in gloom;

 That fatiguer Sun to greet.

Only God's free gift abuse not,

 His light refuse not;

 But still his Spirit's voice obey;

 Soul, thy brow be wretching,

 Splendor breathing.

Father than the fairest day.

If aught of care this morn oppresse thee,

 To him addressther,

 Who, like the sun, is good to all;

 He gilds the mountain tops, the white

 Hills, the vales,

 Will on the humblest valley fall.

Round the gifts his bountiful showers;

 Walls, and towers;

 Gift with flames, thy God shall rear;

 Angel legions to defend thee;

 Hosts whom Satan's gulf shall fear.

MAGNETIC MAGIC:

or

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convulsions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet, Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

EIGHTH DIALOGUE

CONCLUSION.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 42.]

One day while at Argenteuil, M. Lecocq, watchmaker of the Marine, No. 9 Calais street, came and talked at length with me on this interesting topic.

When he left I went and took a moment's rest upon my bed. As I was staring mechanically at the sky, I perceived there several white clouds.—Two of them more particularly attracted my attention; they were remarkably elongated, and the first ended in the shape of a V—the other resembled an arrow, and set exactly into the first. All on a sudden I conceived the idea of preventing this junction by cutting off the second cloud. I succeeded in doing so, and the two clouds did not unite. This experiment gave me courage, and I tried to cancel entirely the clouds I saw in the sky. The largest were about two yards in every direction. I succeeded in causing the disappearance of four of them in about a quarter of an hour. I became quite excited, and acquired the conviction that I was right in my views on the subject. But I am always diffident about my own experiments, and like to be confirmed in my opinion by the testimony of other persons. I went, therefore, and prayed M. Lecocq to come and witness my experiments.

He came, and was literally amazed when I told him to point out a cloud and that I would cause it to disappear from the sky in less than five minutes.

M. Lecocq stared at me with surprise, and perhaps terror; I am sure he thought I was mad. At last he designated a cloud, which I dispelled according to my promise. But he thought it might be a delusion, and prayed me to repeat the experiment. I did so two or three times with the same success. He then exclaimed with ardor, "Oh my God, how happy I should be if I could do the same thing myself!"

"You can do so," I replied.

"Oh, no! it is impossible; I shall never be able to realize such wonders."

"Have faith and act upon this cloud," I pointed out at the same time. "You will succeed as well as myself."

It was with much hesitation my friend could make up his mind to follow my advice; at last he did so. But it was only after having melted successively three clouds, that he began to understand the wonders which can be operated upon the atmosphere by means of human magnetism.

On the following day, M. Chevillard Medur and M. Gerard, both residents of St. Gratian, near Paris, came and saw me towards the evening.—They had heard of my experiments and questioned me at once upon this subject, showing at the same time some skepticism, and the strongest desire of witnessing themselves my performances. There were only two clouds in the sky at that moment—I said to Medur:

"I do not feel able to act now upon such large clouds, (they were about two feet long,) yet if you both will help me, I shall try."

"Very willingly," said they.
"Then I'll attack the first one's head and break it to pieces."

"I'll cut it by the middle," said Medur, with that faith which moves mountains.

"I'll pull down its rear part," said M. Gerard. "We shall all operate together."

We acted energetically. Some one might have taken us for the Horri. In ten minutes one of clouds was with its predecessors in the immensity wherein we float. M. Gerard then said:

"It is true that one has disappeared; but it may have been absorbed in the others."

"Well then," said I, "let us dispel this too; perhaps we shall find the first in its bosom. Shall we do so?"

"Yes, if it is possible," they replied, "but it is a hard task."

"Let us try." At once we acted upon this gigantic cloud, and in ten minutes nothing was left of it.

You may conceive the stupor of my friends who, since that day, have become my best adepts, and performed the most surprising experiments.

M. Lecocq continued his own studies with no less remarkable success.

On the following Monday I received the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Lejeune, proprietors, No. 29 Franklin street, Passy. I told them what I did, and explained my manner of proceeding. They at once began to try the experiment with the assistance of two other ladies. Each of these persons selected a cloud and cancelled in a very few minutes. The experiment was repeated several times and always with the same success. Delighted with such a demonstration, M. Lejeune endeavored to show it to the Dean of the Magnetic Society, our dear M. Mialle. The result was the same. M. Mialle could not believe the testimony of his own eyes, and exclaimed, "Oh, where are we going; my God, where are we going?"

M. Lejeune afterwards wrote me a letter in which he relates the result of all his experiments. One of the most remarkable was to break a cloud at night, to prevent the possibility of any supposition relating to the absorption that might be produced by solar rays or any similar cause. He assured me that he always succeeded according to his wishes.

M. Ravel, joiner at Argenteuil, was just as successful in his investigations.

I spoke of these phenomena to two friends of mine I have at Strasbourg, and they obtained the same result whenever they tried the experiment.

This question will directly put us in contact with the science of astronomy itself. I learned man whose lessons have just now overthrown the convictions of the highest minds of the age, M. Emmanuel came and paid me a visit at Argenteuil.—He was accompanied by my friend, M. Lecocq. The present question was very soon the object of our conversation, and I was obliged to support my views by a practical demonstration. M. Emmanuel is not one of those savans in yellow kid gloves who have nothing but sarcasm and ridicule for any proposition which they do not make themselves.—On the contrary, this eminent professor did not disdain to go with us into the garden, and assist our efforts with all his magnetic action. The result was the same, and surprised him enough to desire a second experiment. I was no less successful this time than the first. He then acted alone and obtained the same result. "There is not the least doubt," he said, "the clouds are over. But have they not been absorbed by the larger ones, or dispelled by the powerful action of the sun's rays?"

My answer was this: 1st. If the largest clouds were able to absorb those on which we acted, they ought *a fortiori* have absorbed the little clouds which were between them and these last. Yet such has not been the fact.

2. Now if it were the sun which absorbed them, he would have likewise absorbed those which were nearer to him; and that again was not the case.

3. If the sun absorbed the little ones in a straight line, or by contiguity, he would do so by beginning at the extremities of the nearest clouds. Now he does not so; on the contrary, these clouds become lighter, disjoin, and disappear precisely where our action falls directly.

"That seems to me true," replied M. Emmanuel, "but it seemed to me also that several other clouds disappeared likewise around those you acted upon."

"I have not yet made this observation," said I, "but it would be easy to avoid this difficulty by selecting perfectly isolated clouds, and repeat the experiment every hour of the day and evening. It should likewise be observed how they disappear, if it is at the same time or not, &c., &c. It is only by experimenting repeatedly that you can establish a satisfactory conviction."

"You are right," answered M. Emmanuel; "but I will try at once whether I am or am not right in my present view. Let us attack this small cloud, here on our right. . . . That one, . . . but look, it is widening instead of disappearing . . . Oh! it is enormous. That is too much! Let me try upon another. (The result was the same.) I shall see now, if the larger clouds will not absorb the smaller ones. This question has not been studied. Be sure I shall examine it with care."

So ended this interview, which had closed by the phenomena radically opposed to the theory of absorption. Yet I do not pretend that they do not take place under the influence of an ardent sun and heavy clouds. I admit, on the contrary, this influence. But my experiments do not the less prove *a priori* the power of human magnetism upon the atmosphere. They prove alone more than all public demonstrations put together. It would be rather difficult to have clouds for confederates.

JOHN.—But, in short, are there particular conditions and manners of proceeding?

ARNET.—Certainly, and I shall give them here; I want a deep blue sky, scattered up with little clouds almost at rest. I select one as far as possible from the others. I prefer it in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position. A yellowish white of two yards about in every sense is perfectly proper. I place myself and act in the direction it advances. I gaze fixedly at it, and lift my hands and arrange my fingers towards its centre. I intensify my thought upon that action, desiring to open, break and dispel it as completely as possible. When I begin by its centre, I wish to see the blue sky through it; and I generally see my wishes fulfilled in five or six minutes, the cloud disappearing from the ether, as a spot disappears from a towel. Let the same experiment be repeated again, whenever an objection is made. There is nothing better than facts to confute reasonings. Yet, I do not try the experiment when the cloud stands over a steeple, a mountain, or any sharp object of the same nature. There may be, in secret causes of attraction that would paralyze my action.

M. Charles Renard, of Rambouillet, with whom I had made my first experiments, wrote to me several years afterwards, and assured me that he had continued this study, and always with complete

success. He said, moreover, that this power could go even further than I thought myself.

A student in medicine, M. Godquin, living at No. 5 Hotel de l'Université, rue Gregoire-de-Tours, has likewise operated according to my prescriptions.

His success has been complete. He experimented in the company of several friends, and in view of confuting the arguments to which I alluded. They easily silenced their adversaries by the most astonishing facts.

Now, my dear friend, you have no resource left you, than that of becoming a cloud-rod.

But if you accept my proposition, you cannot deny the magnitude of its consequences. But remain in the limits of the possible, and be always faithful to the teachings of prudence. You otherwise would undoubtedly fall into some absurdity.

Our sixth conversation is devoted to an investigation about Besettings and Convulsions. In that dialogue I had nothing to teach you; the thirty-six quotations I gave being sufficiently instructive by themselves. The phenomena we obtain through magnetism are too much like the cited facts, not to see at a glance the marvellous results which human magnetism can produce. Any experiment of this nature will at once convince you that this power has played a great part in the marvellous feats of magic.

In our Seventh Dialogue we entered into the darkest and foulest corner of the human mind and history of his passions. All the crimes of this nature are classified under the generic term of Spell-thrown. On this theatre we have had a view of the most frightful crimes that ever defiled humanity. Yielding to the brutish appetites of his passions, interests and pride, man studies knows and practices every art from which he may derive either honor, pleasure or dominion. It does not matter to him whether his practices are pure or stained with blood! He knows how to triumph in darkness, and enjoy the fruit of his crimes in the abyss. He is what he wishes to be, . . . the tormentor of his brethren instead of their friend.

There only does he breathe with pleasure and satisfaction. Less courageous than Nero, the crowned headsman—less shameful than Leotarde, who kills his victim and dies with horror at his own crime—man here watches the hour of his friend's sleep, in order to overwhelm his breast with the load of his infamy. He breathes within the shield of the pure virgin to poison her heart with the wind of his corruption. Then on his brothers' awakening, he smiles, and asks how they have slept!

In the meanwhile, it is with a secret and deep joy that he sees the cheek of his friend become hollow, and the graceful form of his child, give way before his poisoned breathing. He laughs at the groans of his agonizing friend, and dies with delight at the shame and degradation of his own sister. Yes, he says, in the depths of his thoughts—his only confidant—thank hell, he is dead! She is corrupt! Hurrah! Let us now find other victims.

From the Borgia's poison fallen into the public's hands to the magnetic monster influences of mesmerism, he makes use of everything to realize his desire. On the contrary, this eminent professor did not disdain to go with us into the garden, and assist our efforts with all his magnetic action. The result was the same, and surprised him enough to desire a second experiment. I was no less successful this time than the first. He then acted alone and obtained the same result. "There is not the least doubt," he said, "the clouds are over. But have they not been absorbed by the larger ones, or dispelled by the powerful action of the sun's rays?"

I will spare your heart, and forget, if possible, the horrors I recorded in this dialogue. But you must not forget that I have been exact and particular in my narrative.

In the Eighth Conversation, I called your attention to the magical power of speech. I say that I called, before I could not go farther without endangering all mankind. I have examined more particularly its healing power, in order to avoid other and more dangerous considerations.

I do not know any sort of spell-thrown whose power is so universal as that of speech. I do not exclude any body from its influence; it is to say enough, that every existing being is submitted to its spell.

I spoke cautiously about sympathetic correspondences, but I avoided to speak of the exchange of blood. There are already too many ways of acting magnetically, and committing crime, to reveal any more of these secrets.

I closed my book by a little treatise Necromancy, which will be sufficient, I hope to enter fully into this order of investigations. But be prudent, confident and studious, respect God and have some regard for Spirits. Compare and admit an idea without enthusiasm or pride. When you shall more fully appreciate the value of these questions, we will others of no less intense an interest.

ENIS.

FASHION.
Extract from a Lecture on the Cause of Disease and Preservation